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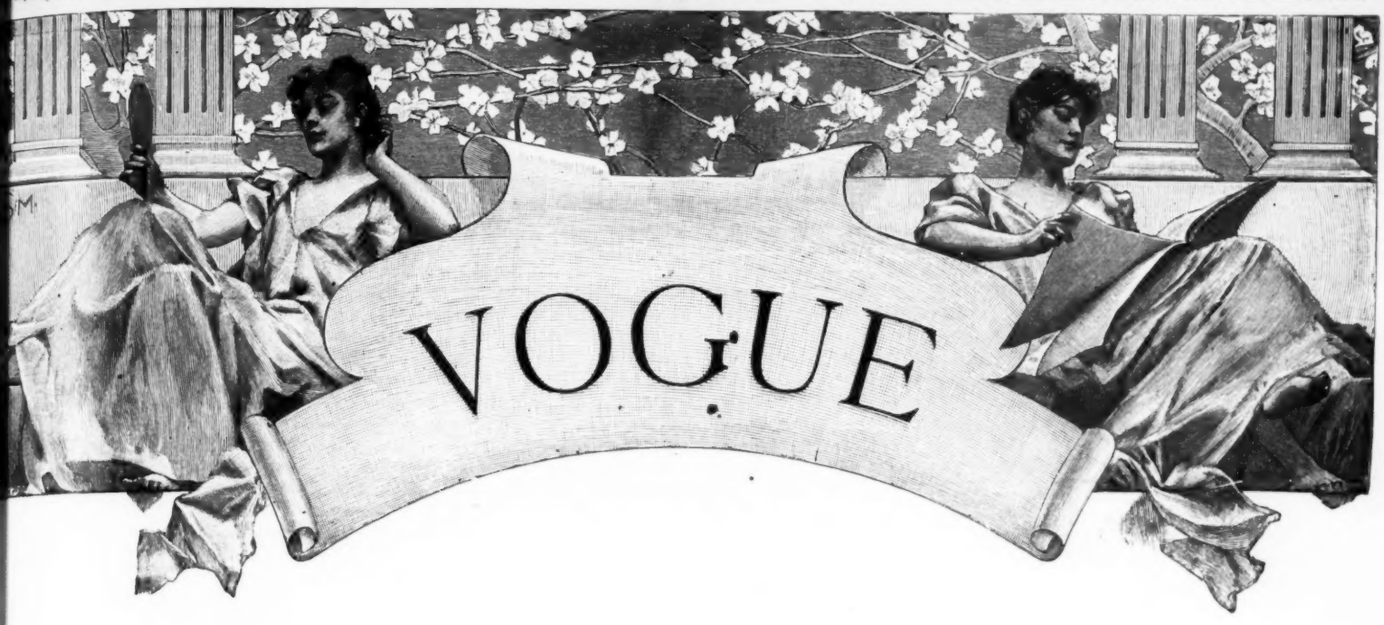

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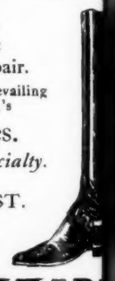

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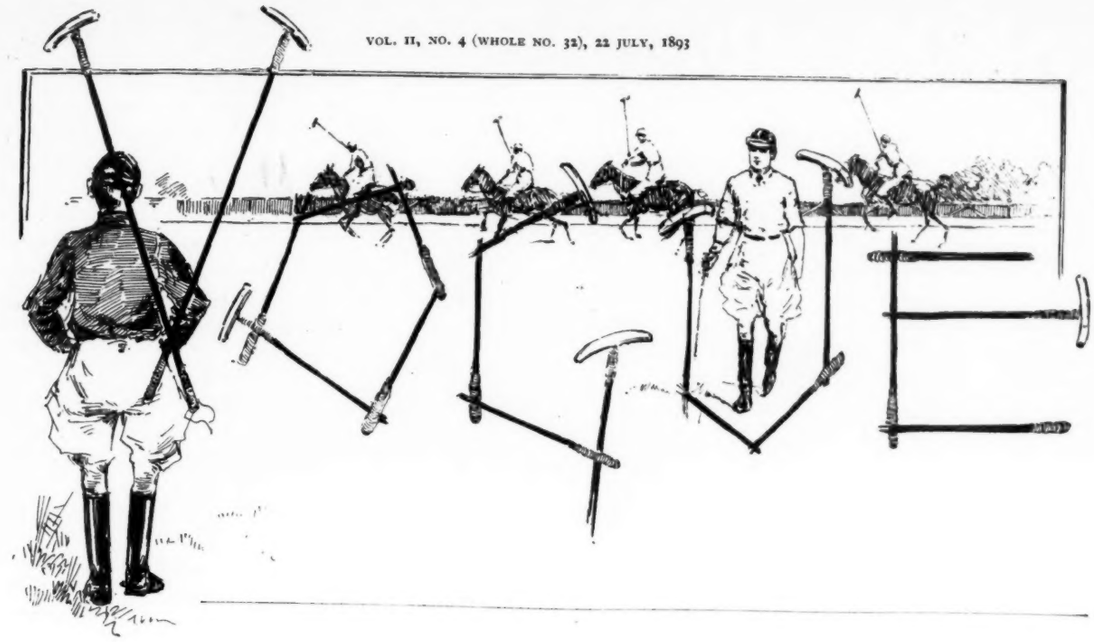
XUM

VOL. II, NO. 4 (WHOLE NO. 32), 22 JULY, 1893

VOGUE



THE SOCIAL DEGREE

DAWKINS': "The Duchess of Portland has been presented with a silver cradle for her baby."
MRS. DAWKINS: "Who are the Portlands, John? People whom one could afford to know, after being presented to the Infanta?"

THE MISDIRECTED CURTSEY

THE arrival of the Spanish grandees created what might be called a "flurry" in local etiquette, and no Wall Street stock flurry ever brought about wilder runnings to and fro, more anxious questionings, or developed a more panicky feeling than did this visit of a Princess and a Duke. We made haste to assume a veneer of Castilian behavior—so far as we knew what it was—a reversal of the universal custom which lays upon the visitor the burden of conforming to the usages of his host, the nation.

Our conduct was a virtual admission that, in spite of our usual boastfulness we had an uneasy consciousness of being, after all, a nation of cads, and, like a provincial housewife suddenly called upon to entertain "city people," we could only stammer and curtsey and deplore the sad fact that we had but a village-sewing-society manner with which to welcome the fine folks.

To amend our manners we straightway set about, and, with our accustomed impetuosity, we plunged into a study of Spanish etiquette. Living and dead authorities and the local press were mined for nuggets of information as to the ceremonial treatment to be accorded royalty. The delving brought out the fact, among others, that in the presence of royalty the mere commoner should curtsey and "back."

With precipitation we exchanged the official salutation of equality, the handshake, for the subservient curtsey, and we also essayed ceremonial backing out—between which, by the way, and backing down there seems to be little choice as a matter of dignity.

That our curtseyings betrayed a peasant-like tendency to "bob," rather than the graceful fine-ladyism of the Court circle, was not surprising (albeit somewhat mortifying), since pretense is invariably an ill-fitting garment, with an ugly trick of yawning at the seams and betraying homely facts. Something more than the ukase of a committee-man is required to transform a nation of plain people into flexible courtiers; to the truth of which dictum the scenes enacted at the Eulalia and Veragua receptions and balls bore eloquent testimony. But why attempt to masquerade as courtiers and to cultivate the curtsey habit?

Intelligent though we claim to be, we do not apparently realize what this mode of greeting really implies. The pretty curtseyings in a Dresden china cotillon figure are charming and without significance, but the curtsey which begets merely a nod, by way of acknowledgment is a tacit assumption of superiority on one side and an admission of inferiority on the other. What merit is there in voluntary self-abasement of this kind?

A clever New York woman of assured social position, frankly admitted to a horrified Frenchman of rank, that nothing of a lower grade than the Imperial or Republican head of a great nation, in his representative capacity, could win from her a bend of the knee. The princelets, male and female, were but everyday folk in her eyes, quite without social "divinity," and to them she refused to make obeisance. The lady's distinction is self-respecting and truly American, and as a rule of conduct it is commended as an antidote for the indiscriminate curtsey craze.

WHY SHE ACCEPTED HIM

"I'm utterly unworthy of you, dear," said Timberwheel to his fiancée, in an outburst of self-abnegation.
"I know it, love," replied the gentle maiden; "but where can I find a man who is worthy of me?"

XUM

To play the game of polo with any degree of success, there are three essentials: a bright, active, bridle-wise pony, a quick eye and a supple wrist. There are other things necessary, but when the fierce rushes of the players are in progress, these three things are to be used, for danger is imminent; and if a sharp lookout is not kept and the faculties are not wide-awake, a serious tumble may result. The head-gear is usually a round or peaked cap of silk or gauze, the jacket of linen, the loose breeches duck or doe-skin, and the boots the regulation jockey article of softest calf. A small knot tie of pongee silk and a thin deer-skin belt complete the costume, and with two extra ponies for relief work, your handsome, broad-shouldered polo player is ready to do or die.

A CHAPERON

AT the Casino ball, the orchestra was playing Weber's Invitation à la Valse. Laura Wyndham, seated in the row of chaperons that lined the walls of the room, would very much have liked to be at home, tranquilly asleep—and, if possible, without any dreams. For there was nothing which it would interest her to dream about. At thirty years she had been for six of them the widow of a man that she had never pretended to care for. Her father had been one of those denationalized Americans who flit restlessly over Europe. He found that the companionship of a young daughter was decidedly a hindrance to his irresponsible runs back and forth among the capitals. Therefore he gave her, with his quite unsanctified blessing and a moderate but very authentic Parisian trousseau, to his friend, Colonel Wyndham, a retired British officer who wished to range himself. The father was killed some years later in a railway accident. Before Laura had lightened her dutiful clouds of crêpe Colonel Wyndham also went to the tomb, after scolding and cursing on the way through a long malady of gout.

Laura did not often permit herself to think of these things, nor of others which formed the sad perspective of her youth. She was separated from those times by the years which she had passed with the sister of her husband, Miss Wyndham, in England. Those years had been austere and conventional as only life in the house of a British spinster can be. But at first Laura had thrown herself with passionate abnegation into that dreary existence; it seemed to her that so she might purify herself from the former companionship of a man who, and not without reason, she had detested. After a while the quiet became intolerable to her; the excellent Miss Wyndham had various meannesses, she was incredibly narrow, and indulged in fits of irritable temper, which usually took the form of preaching and reproof. Persons too good, persons not good enough—Laura had tried both kinds. She was tired of them and of herself.

Finally, it happened that a New York cousin of hers had appeared in pretty Surrey Lane with its pink briar roses, where Laura sat sketching under a vast white umbrella. After a few phrases: "You're dying of the nostalgia for America! And you must come right away home with me," the energetic Mrs. Bentley had prevailed.

So that, after a decently affectionate parting with Miss Wyndham, Laura had returned to New York, her early home. There she took a pretty little apartment of a few rooms, and settled herself in the content of middle age—for she really believed that she had renounced youth, and for always. But content might at least be hers, consisting in the absence of hopes, fears and strong emotions; and in the presence of the delicate agréments of life—flowers, a pianoforte, silk cushions, tea-cups, the latest volumes of poetry and of fiction. Her elderly maid was admirably competent, and not too assertive. Her furniture was not very costly, but in the best taste. In that way, Laura would willingly have lived for a hundred years!

Just now she was visiting at the country house of Mrs. Bentley. In another week they would all return to New York. This ball at the Casino, however, was not to be missed. A sudden ailment of Mrs. Bentley—a cold that had caused her a grotesquely swollen cheek—had made it the duty of her cousin Laura to chaperon the Bentley twins, Maud and May, on the great occasion. For they would have been possessed by the inconsolable and total despair of extreme youth if deprived of that brilliant festivity.

The twins, from opposite directions, came flying toward their chaperon, each attended by a very young man with an injured expression of countenance. But the girls were highly excited.

"Who do you think is here, Cousin Laura? Actually Mr. Miller, that writes those dear novels. And we are simply dying to meet him."

At this the two youths, who never had written novels, appeared so depressed that Mrs. Wyndham said, "But do not lose this dance, my dears! I think that ces messieurs will persuade you that a good partner on hand is worth two presentations in the bush!"

Her little mot succeeded; they laughed and whirled away. On either side of Laura Wyndham the matrons watched, every one her own daughter. They complimented the daughters of each other.

"How charmingly your Ellen dances, Mrs. Maberly."

"But, dear Mrs. Swift, your Clara is like a rose-leaf on the wind, in that delicious pink chiffon gown."

All these amenities, all this barter of maternal felicitations, seemed rather absurd to Laura. Then she reflected that this must be because she herself had no daughter; and it is a pride altogether perfunctory which one takes as chaperon of other people's girls. Laura felt herself a shade more lonely and remote than before. She—neither as old as they, nor as young as the girls—at that moment wished ardently that she had either a mother or a daughter, she did not know which. She only felt the need of a love, intimate and veritable as theirs.

The orchestra still played l'Invitation à la Valse. Had life ever invited Laura to its dance? She believed not. In the Parisian convent the day-scholars had sometimes brought within the cold walls certain light echoes of mondaneity; but these had been very vague, only detached notes of the universal music. Laura had heard about Clotilde's sister who was to marry a count; but the amazing trousseau had somehow eclipsed the bridegroom in Clotilde's narrative; Marie-Rose had actually a lover who sent to her little billets by means of his sister; Émilie was supposed to be pining for sake of a man affianced to that mysterious charmer, Another. But these heroines did not, meantime, at all disdain the tartines which were daily brought in a mountain that would have seemed incredible to anyone ignorant of the bread-and-butter voracity of school-girls. The tartines had been real to Laura; but the romances were intangible, and, in some way, disappointing. Had she heard the invitation to the waltz of happiness in her marriage to Colonel Wyndham? Decidedly not. Her father had consigned her to him without asking what might be her own will. From that bad old man she had learned no harmonies, only discords. Still, she had always been sure that there was the dance of delight of life, although she had not taken part in it. Really, her spirit had been rendered colder and more averse from society by the experiences as the wife of Colonel Wyndham than by the restrictions and the penances of the convent. At first, she had had the expectant curiosity of a child; later, she would have liked to forget at least half of what she had acquired under the tuition of the Colonel, rather cruel and altogether cynical. During the sojourn with Miss Wyndham no note of the dance-music had floated that way, or else it had been unheard in the rattle of the coals, or suffocated in the flannel petticoats that she aided the old spinster to distribute to the village poor. And finally, in the collected, tranquil existence that Laura led in her New York apartment—the cantilène of life had no note, passionate and enticing, that should invite her to the dance. It was

AT NAHANT, MASS.

MR. A. (Boston Professor, "distilling" information): "Do you know that this place was sold by the Indians for a pair of breeches."
MISS B. (of N. Y. flippantly): "And a very large price it was to pay for it, too."

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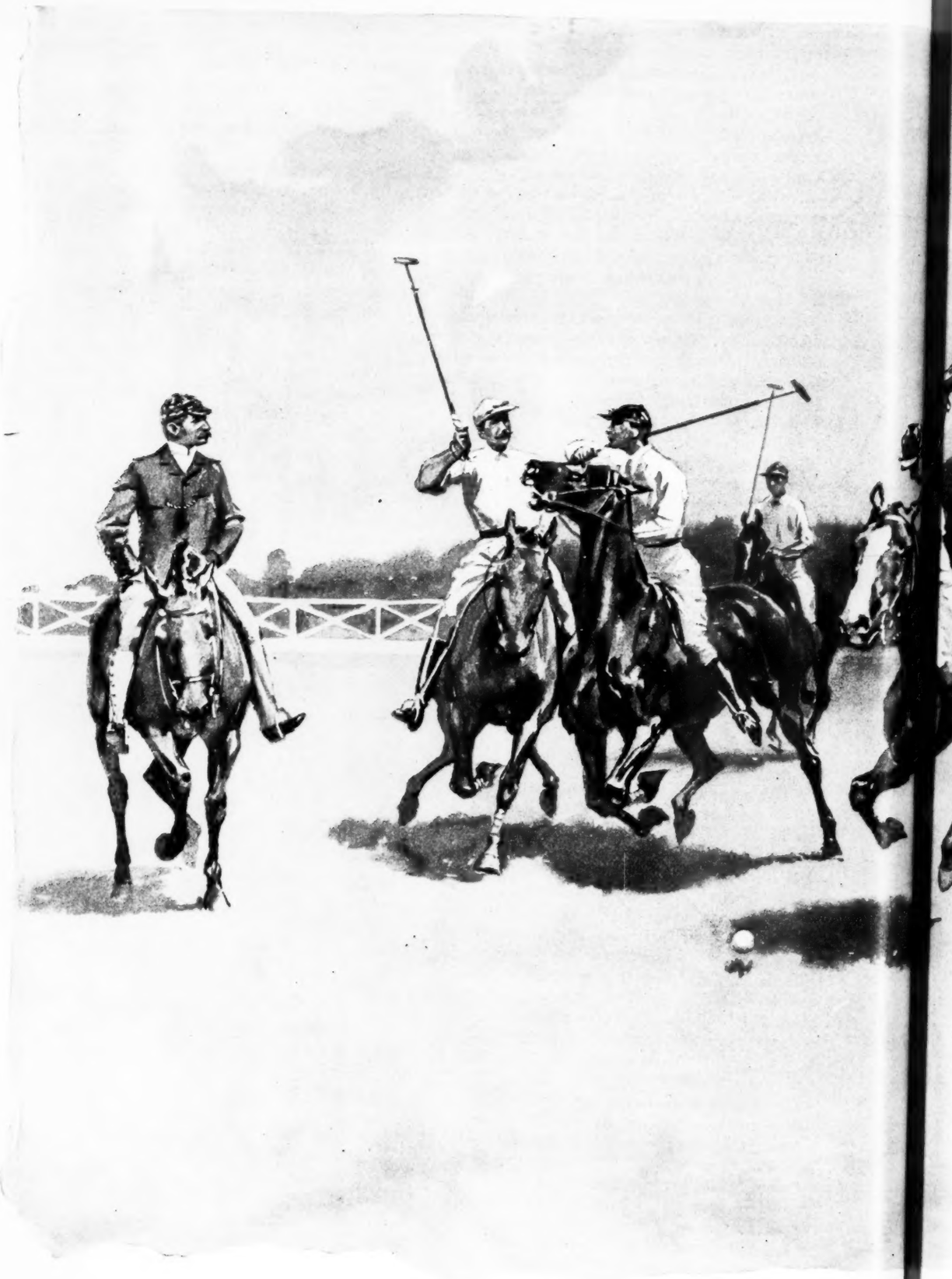

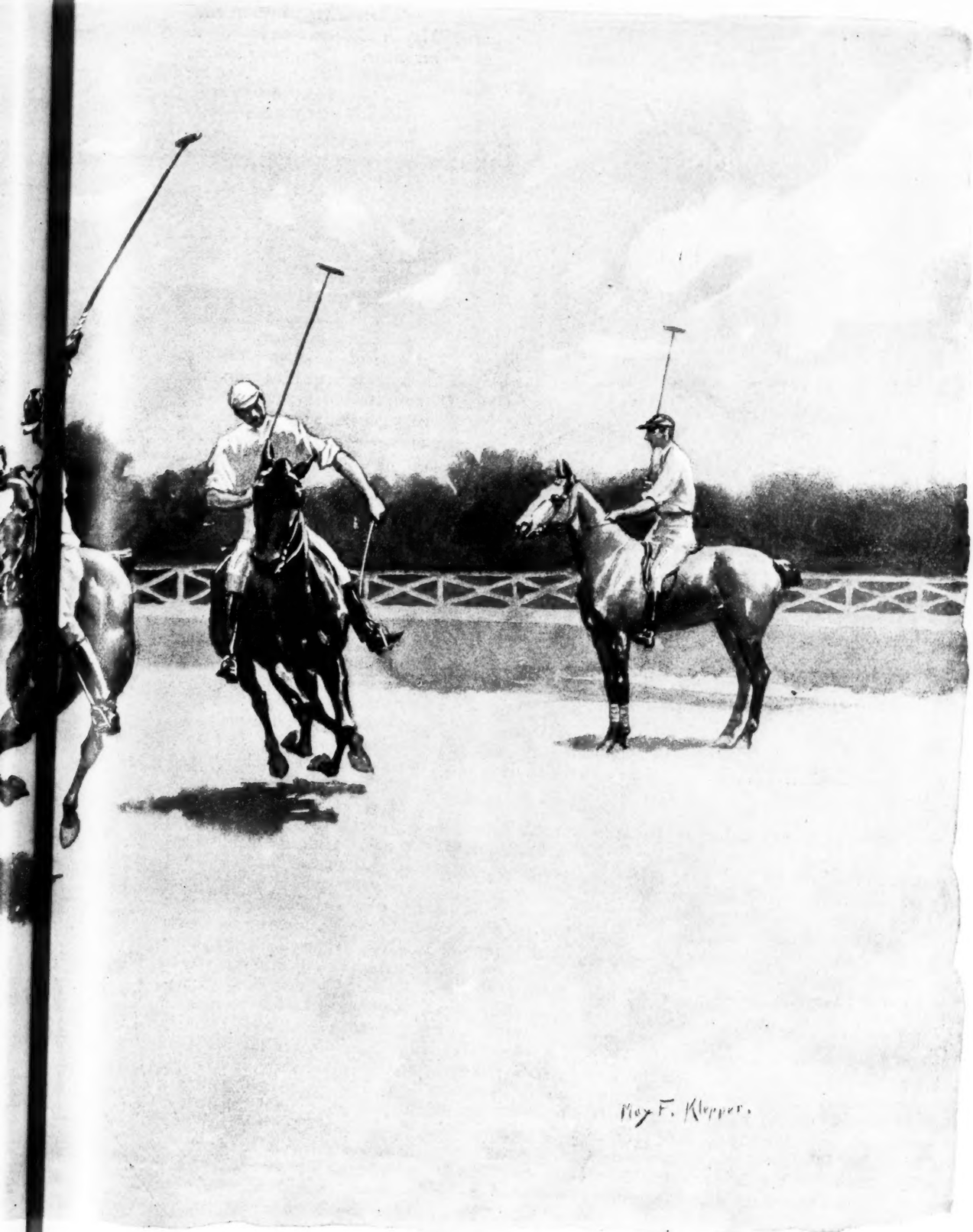

Max F. Klepper.

THAT IS LOVE

ROSALIE: "What makes you think he is in love with you?"
VIOLET: "The first time he called he left his gloves, the second time his cane and last night he forgot his hat."

hard, she thought, to have existed for so long without having lived!

The orchestra had ceased to play the Invitation à la Valse. Therefore the Bentley twins were brought back to their chaperon by the two youths, who evidently had enjoyed the dance that had been for a moment shadowed by the fame of Mr. Miller, the eminent romancist.

"We had a lovely dance, Cousin Laura!" said May.

"Lovely!" echoed Maud.

There was a moment of silence, then Maud resumed: "I say, May, isn't Clara Swift's pink gown quite too horrid?" And "Oh, dreadfully horrid," confirmed May. They, talking across their cousin, discussed the step of their partners. Laura Wyndham looked vaguely at the persons who promenaded; now, the orchestra played a romanza, sung by a cornet to the accompaniment of muted strings.

"There is Mr. Miller!" cried May in an excited undertone to her sister. "See, he is looking this way! Oh, oh!" And the twins sent toward him glances of infantile provocation.

Laura, unconsciously regarding him, had a curious sense that this was not the first time that she saw him, and that he was in some way associated, for her, with the Invitation à la Valse. Suddenly all became clear to her: they had met, and at a moment the remembrance of which sent a hot thrill of mortification over her. An esplanade of the Riviera arose so sharply before her sight that the actual ball-room changed to a dissolving view and disappeared—an esplanade in full sunshine, bordered with palms, a band in uniform playing rather too loudly l'Invitation à la Valse, Colonel Wyndham in a wheel-chair from the axle of which a nut had escaped, so that the attendant could not move th vehicle, the invalid swearing and striking at the servant with his cane, she herself trying very hard not to let fall the tears that were like fire behind her eyes, her throat aching with the keen shame that the young are capable of suffering for faults not theirs. Of the bystanders, some had laughed at the miserable scene; others had hurried past with indifference, or contempt, or pity—to Laura it had not mattered which. Only one man had approached, with a manner as if wheels off the axle and tempers off the hinges were the most ordinary thing in the world; had sent the terrified servant to pick up the nut, had taken from his pocket a composite tool in form of a clasp-knife, and had repaired the wheel in a minute, chatting meanwhile in a way to amuse the irate Colonel, and to give to the trembling wife the leisure to regain her composure. When the little procession was again ready to move, the charitable stranger, for the first time looking directly at Mrs. Wyndham, had saluted with his hat and departed.

That was many years ago; now the dark head of the man was dusted with silver, but the kind eyes and the full-lipped but serious mouth were the same. His image had been sharply photographed with that hateful scene, on a sensitive film of Laura's mind; unconsciously to her, it had re-

THE ACIDULATED GIRL

THere's a little touch of acid
in the sugar of her smile,
And a vinegary something in
the sparkle of her eye;
A sharpened kind of flavor in
each cute and cunning wile
That would quicken any lover
who'd fain languorously
sigh.

Yet they hover all about her in
a most consuming strife,
And existence in her pres-
ence is a dear, delightful
whirl;
Perfect sweetness, thus it strikes
me, leads the most insipid
life,
And a lemon-drop confection
is the proper kind of girl!

Roe L. Hendrick.

mained there. Now the picture emerged. She recognized Mr. Miller, the romancist, as the knight-errant of that distressful episode of the Riviera.

He passed near the place where Laura sat, weary, among the other chaperons. He had given his arm to one of the patronesses of the ball, a beautiful woman in a gleaming white gown veiled with incalculable laces; a little coronet of rubies pinned in the high twist of her hair, accentuated the crimson lights of the dark chestnut waves. Some new partners—not greatly differentiated from the others—came to carry away the Bentley twins for a dance. Laura sat silent among the mammas

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who bewailed their sleepiness, the stiffness from remaining so long without motion, and the treacherous little draughts of air which they detected. Then came that magnificent patroness with the novelist at her side, toward Laura, who was as modest as a wood-pigeon in her frock of gray crêpe, with a string of pearls around the throat that was a trifle too slender.

"My dear Mrs. Wyndham, this is Mr. Miller, just home from so many years abroad, who is very desirous to know you. You have read his stories; and he says that he has seen you formerly, but only now has found the mutual friend to present him to you."

No form of presentation could have been more unlucky! Laura colored—which proved her to be younger and more innocent than she believed herself. She read in his face, and he in hers, that the memory was mutual of the mode and place, as well as of the fact of their former meeting. A startled flash in his eyes showed, however, that up to that moment the circumstances had escaped him. She took refuge in commonplace phrases.

"Indeed I have read Mr. Miller's stories, and am very glad to have the opportunity to thank him for so much pleasure. But you must be warned, Mr. Miller, that mine is that sort of gratitude which has been defined as 'the lively sense of future favors'! I await impatiently your promised 'Romance of a First Season.'"

He, admiring her steadiness of nerve, answered as gaily as she had spoken. Laura, striving to master herself, went on in the same tone,

"I'm only sorry that my girls—the daughters of my cousin Mrs. Bentley, under my care for the evening—are away from me at the moment, dancing. Perhaps they are not very romantic little persons, but they are very dear specimens of the typical girls!"

"Oh, you fancy that I am seeking for studies, and for this returned to America, where the young girl may be observed in all her glory! It is true that the European jeune fille is a story-book kept behind glass doors; and that even if one be permitted to read a very little in that volume he finds it so stiffly bound that it will unclose only enough to give a glimpse of tantalizing half-phrases. But I am fortunate. Here in New York I have a lively little niece who has unlimited sugar-plums, on the terms that she will permit her uncle to make "copy" of her. That is, of course, with discreet reserves and impersonalities. Her individuality—as far as so immature a creature may have any—remains intact; it is only the American girl in general that it is my affair to study in the person of my cheerful and bonbon-nibbling little relative. From this, madame, you can easily argue that it was not for sake of the Misses Bentley that I begged the honor of a presentation to you."

His nonsense had amused Mrs. Wyndham, as he had intended that it should. The tragic obsession of the ugly moment evoked from the dead past was annulled by the simplicity and unimportance of the present instant.

"May I take your programme?" he asked.

"But I have not a programme. I do not dance."

"I observed that you were not dancing. Therefore I ventured to hope that you would let me talk with you during the cotillon."

"But that ——"

"Oh, your demoiselles will insist upon staying for that dance, which is the really serious event of a ball. The other dances are preludes, episodes, penances or diversions —according to the partner. But the cotillon, that is the whole affair—so my niece tells me. Pray do not be cruel to those little ladies —nor to other persons, Mrs. Wyndham. Let

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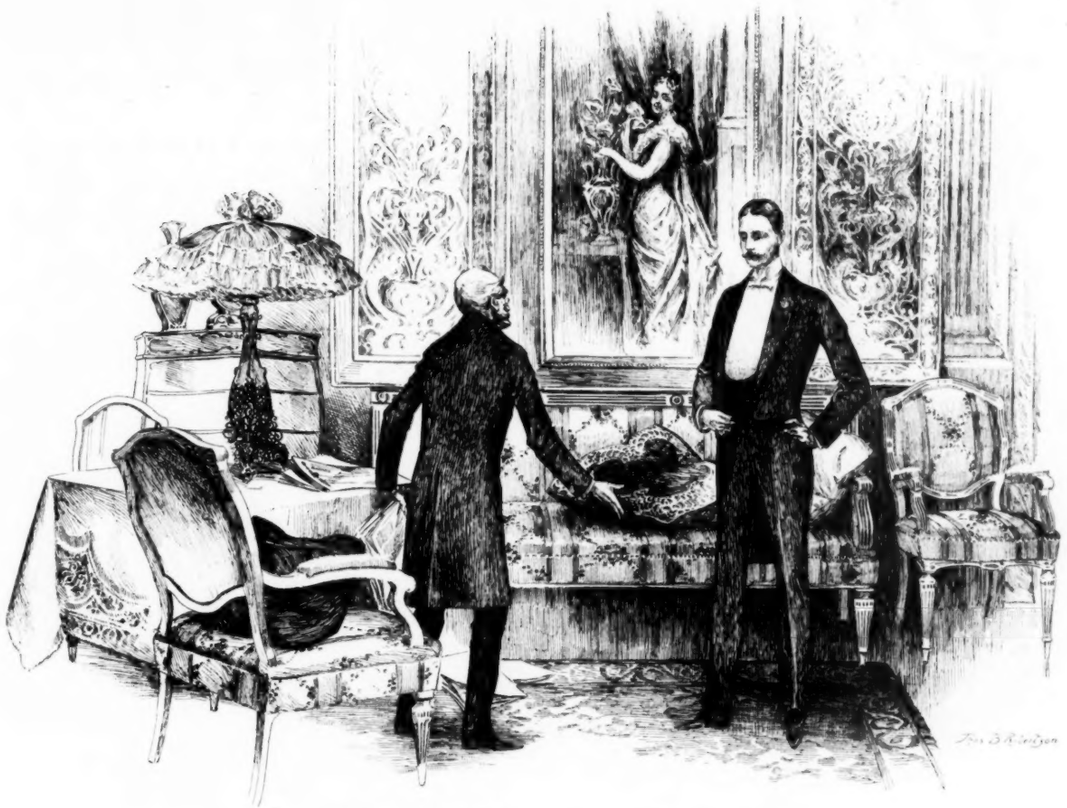


FATHER: "And so you wish to rob me of my only child?"
YOUNG MAN: "Well sir that is not my fault."

us come to find a programme for you. Then, when my name is inscribed upon yours, and your signature honors mine—if you do not give me that cotillon you will be guilty of a breach of solemn contract."

"And to write my name as a dancer appears to me like a forgery," Laura answered, laughing.

All the same, the autographs were exchanged.

To the dancers, to the other chaperons talking with each other or with non-dancing men, there was nothing extraordinary in the fact that Mr. Miller, the novelist—he was not celebrated to the uncomfortable degree of lionhood—should devote the hour of the cotillon to that pleasing, quiet, graceful little woman, Mrs. Wyndham. Nobody envied or disliked her; she aroused no jealousies or curiosities. She was like a little gray bird among all those others of brilliant plumage; like the phrase of a viola almost unheard in the triumph of the full orchestra; like the odor of a field-flower in a room where Oriental perfumes are burning. But Mr. Miller was not an analytical novelist for nothing: he had detected the impression of the gray wing, of the tender note, of the light, pure fragrance.

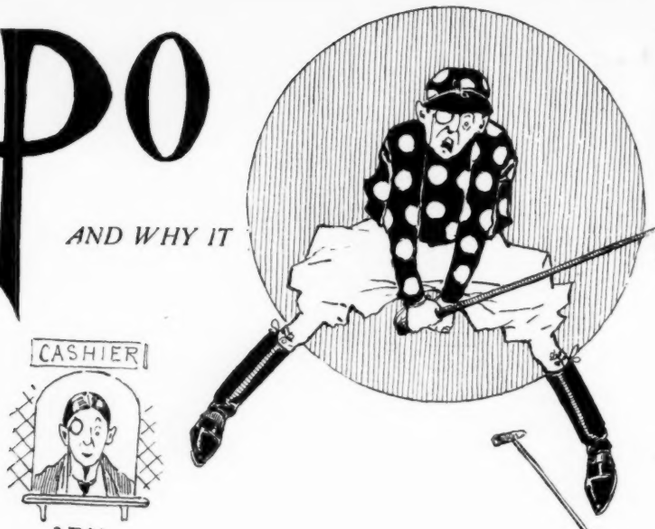
They talked of everything and of nothing. As soon as spoken, the words died in their memory to live again in their sentiment. They could not, afterward, have written any connected page of all those expressions; but they became thoroughly acquainted with each other. What there was not time to learn they divined by sympathy. The only positive agreement was, however, that she would permit him to come to see her in New York, now and then—a very elastic limit which he resolved to interpret in his own favor.

With a crash of the orchestra, the cotillon ended. The Bentley twins returned to their chaperon; they were all rosy and glorious, laden with fantastic trophies.

They went to the carriage, Mrs. Wyndham marshaling them before her, attended by their partners of the cotillon. Mr. Miller was at the side of Laura; neither of them spoke. The sky was already gray with the early morning; a delicate pink light was beginning to thread the eastern clouds with its color. One of the orchestra players passed by, with his violoncello in its great baize bag; he was whistling softly a motif from Weber's Invitation à la Valse. E. Cavazza.

POLO

AND WHY IT DOESN'T FLOURISH IN NEW YORK



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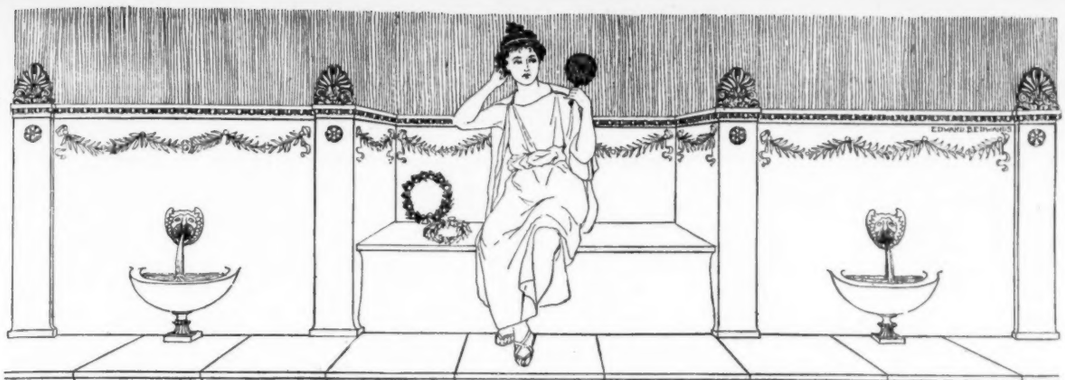

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

SOCIETY

THe season has now come when the humorous writer proceeds to describe with much glee the struggles of the summer-resort maiden to ensnare the occasional man. The pleasantry, like the stove-pipe joke, is perennial, having recurred for some years as regularly as the summer. And unfortunately it has a certain amount of truth in it. In the struggle for life of a large watering-place, where the girls are many and the competition fast and furious, scarcity imparts to the entire masculine sex a fictitious value, and the most inferior specimens assume an exaggerated importance, just as small, poor fruit may command a fancy price during a year when the peach crop has failed. The natural desire for attention, the potent fear of appearing neglected in the eyes of the other women, the deteriorating effect of wishing to get ahead of the rest, makes many a nice girl angle for and contented with the notice of men to whom in New York, under happier conditions, she would hardly care to bow. It is a rather saddening state of affairs, though the funny man does not think so, and one to make the judicious grieve. The worst of it is that there seems to be no particular remedy for the moralist to point out.

Narragansett is looking its prettiest, the weather is perfect, a cloudless sky smiles down upon a blue summer sea, the Casino is attractive, the bathing delightful, but the place is only half full, and the people, gently comatose, are sitting about looking at each other, and waiting for some one to start the racket. The hops are beginning to take on a certain spirit of gaiety, and are really pleasanter than when the August rabble has invaded the dancing room and crowded it to discomfort. Sherry's restaurant is open, and his cottages, though not all occupied, are said to be rented. There is already a respectable showing of pretty traps, and Phil Randolph of Philadelphia has the prestige of driving the first four-in-hand of the season, and, indeed, the first break Narragansett has ever known, though we have had coaches from time to time.

In spite of much-talked-of dinners and luncheons and much-heralded entertainments to be, Newport has not been in the least gay during the past week, and the Casino dances have been even drearier than in past seasons, which is saying a great deal. To be sure, there are no end of pretty women and a general air of contentment and prosperity in spite of the hard times which tend to make an outsider think Newport madly gay; but let him go there to stop a fortnight and he will tell you it is the dullest place he has been in for many a long day. The truth is there are very few men, young or old, and while dinners and like amusements can go on without the masculine element, dances, sailing parties and driving parties certainly can not, and even the coach Republic is but an oasis in the desert of dreariness.

One sign of the times is the starting of the hen dinners, which were so popular in New York during the Lenten season. They are very jolly affairs, so say those invited, and the stories told at the dinners are certainly mirth-provoking. These dinners, although composed chiefly of married women, are never complete without a chaperon, who, as a rule, belongs to the rather older set. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock was asked to "matronize" the one given last week, and when she declined, Mrs. James Kernochan took her place. It does certainly seem very strange, and one wonders where it will end; this complete separation of interests—the men going off by themselves and the women by themselves—meeting simply as jolly good friends, but with no interests in common.

One reason that there are no more young men in Newport is because those bachelors who in times gone by were fortunate enough to be the guests of the young married women, rather exceeded the bounds of good behavior by accepting invitations to dine at other houses without consulting their hostesses. A young Englishman who has been made much of in New York was asked to spend Sunday at Newport and immediately on arrival informed the lady of the house that she needn't feel at all bothered by getting up things to amuse him as he had accepted invitations for every meal during his stay in the place. This was simply one of many cases, and finally the young women have agreed that they do not care to merely keep lodging-houses. Of course it is very well to say that the women of the present day have made so much of the men that they are a trifle spoiled, but the ordinary rules of politeness should hold good no matter where or when.

Mrs. George B. de Forest and her sister, Mrs. Duncan Elliot, are constantly together this summer, as are the Misses Work, Mrs. Burke Roche and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt. All these women dress extremely well and are quite the life of the entertainments at which they are present.

A fashionable wedding at this time of the year is quite unusual and the gossips have had a delightful time over the announcement of the marriage of Miss Rebecca Williams, of Baltimore to Dr. Howard, her long time physician. The engagement has been announced and denied constantly during the past few years, but as Miss Williams is thirty years her husband's junior it was never thought the marriage would take place. Miss Williams is a very pretty woman who at one time was quite prominently before the public on account of her engagement to Henry Herbert of Muckross Abbey. The engagement had been announced; even the day of the wedding had been set, when Miss Williams was thrown from her horse and received, what at the time was supposed to be, permanent injuries. She broke the engagement and would never consent to its renewal, but Herbert of Muckross has remained faithful to the fair lady of his choice and it was supposed by many that his patient waiting would, eventually, win back to him his bride. Doctor and Mrs. Howard are both well-known at Narragansett Pier. They will make their home at Baltimore.

Lenox, like Newport, is reveling in a preponderance of women, and they do not seem to be in the least cast down by the absence of the other sex. Mrs. Belle Neilson, who is always prominent at charitable entertainments, has organized a sewing club, and all the women sew madly, if not practically, once a week. There is also a series of French lectures going on which all the women attend, and as the sewing classes are also musicales the women at Lenox bid fair to be extremely cultured betore the regular season starts in. Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. John Kane, Mrs. Greenleaf, the Misses Goodman, Mrs. George G. Haven and Mrs. Philip Sands are among the women who have joined these mad summer revels.

The deaths of Mrs. William R. Travers and of Justice Blatchford at Newport, last week, cast a gloom over the summer colony. Mrs. Travers was so identified with Newport, and she and her children having always taken such active part in all gaiety, that it seems as if one of the real Newport interests had been removed. She had been ill for some time, but her death seems none the less a loss even to those friends who for some weeks have not been allowed to see her. Justice Blatchford's death was not unexpected, and has also sent a large number of people into mourning. His sister, Miss Linda Blatchford, has been one of Newport's prominent cottagers, as have also his relatives, the Potters, and various entertainments have been given up in consequence of these two deaths.

XUM

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

QUeen Pia of Portugal, her niece, Princesse Letitia Bonaparte, Duchess of Aosta, and the Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal, are still here, and the stately Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, the mother of the Queen-Regent of Spain, has been spending a few days here, on her way back from Madrid to Vienna. A grand dinner party was given in her honor at the Austrian Embassy by the Comtesse Hoyos, which was attended by Queen Isabella of Spain.

Apropos of the widowed Duchess of Aosta, I may mention that there are rumors current here to the effect that a marriage has been arranged between her and her late husband's nephew, the Duke of Oporto. Indeed, they are so much about together that color is lent to the report, and it would certainly be a satisfactory match in every respect as the Duke is as clever and popular as is the Princess. It is to be hoped that in the event of the marriage taking place it may prove more happy in every respect than the first matrimonial venture of the Duchess, which commenced so inauspiciously, the wedding being marked not only by the absence of the Duke's eldest son, who had been supplanted in the affections of the young Duchess by his own father, and jilted by her for his sake, but also by a number of ominous incidents, the most tragic of which was the sudden death of the Duke's favorite aide de camp, the Comte de Castiglione, who, having galloped alongside the carriage that bore the newly married couple to the Castle of Stupinigi, where they were to pass their honeymoon, was stricken with apoplexy and fell dead from his horse as the carriage drew up in the courtyard of the château.

The ball given on Wednesday night by Madame Guzman Blanco, at which the honors were done by her daughter, the charming Duchesse de Morny, and on the following evening the ball given by Lady Caithness, Duchess of Pomar, may be said to have marked the conclusion of—at any rate, the chorographic portion—the Parisian season, which has been notable in more senses than one. Not only have there been an unusually large number of dances, especially during the latter part of the season, but they also present an entirely different character to those crushes which were, up till last year, all the rage. In those days, the thicker the crowd the greater the success, and comfort and convenience were sacrificed to this consideration. Dancing was rendered difficult, and the cuisine of the supper of the ball naturally suffered, since it was quantity rather than quality that was required to feed the crowd, which used to be composed not alone of friends and acquaintances, but also of a large number of men and women who were perfect strangers to the host and hostess, who had obtained their invitations through the importunity of mutual acquaintances, and who, having no sentiments of regard in any way for the givers of the entertainment, considered themselves perfectly free to criticise and ridicule everything to their hearts' content, to carry the supper table by storm, and generally to act as if they were the members of a victorious army marching through a conquered country. This practice of begging for invitations for acquaintances gradually developed into an intolerable abuse, and the result has been that our leading hostesses have, during the past season, tried their best to put an end thereto. With this object in view, they have as much as possible restricted the character of their entertainments as well as the number of their guests, declining to invite any one with whom they were not on terms of social intercourse and friendship. For the purpose of thoroughly emphasizing the fact that their entertainments were to be of an exclusive character, and that strangers would not be welcome, a number of the great ladies refrained from sending out any written invitations, contenting themselves with a verbal request to their friends to take part in a sauterie, or in a tour de valse. This enables them to refuse applications for invitations on the ground that the party is going to be of an altogether informal character. Hence, the number of guests being limited, there is no inconvenient crowding, plenty of room for dancing, while the mad assault on the supper and buffet tables has been abandoned, every guest knowing that his or her place is reserved, and that there is no danger of anybody else taking it.

Another feature of the season have been the so-called bals blancs and the bals roses, the former being reserved exclusively for young girls, while the bals roses are in the same way composed of young married women, as far as our sex is concerned. Among those who have made their début at bals blancs of this kind since Easter, have been Mlle. de Crussol, daughter of the Duchess of Uzes; Mlle. de Luynes, sister of the present Duke of Luynes. Several of the young débutantes have already found, if not husbands, at any rate fiancés, such as, for instance, the daughter of the Duc de Gadagne, who is engaged to the Marquis de Portes; Mlle. de Wendel, who is engaged to the Comte de la Panouse, and Mlle. de Nadaillac, who is engaged to the Comte de Boignes. It is needless to add that, of the two, the bals roses are certainly the more brilliant and entertaining, since the fair ones, emancipated by marriage, enjoy greater freedom of language and allure, and are far more ready to flirt to their hearts' content, without being in fear of remonstrances of any chaperon. At all these dances it is the waltz which has alone been danced; quadrilles, lanciers, the mazurka, the polka and the redowa having all gone out of fashion. The four principal leaders of the cotillons who have achieved pre-eminence during the season have been the Comte Antoine de Contades, the Comte Bonnie de Castellane, M. Henri de Watimesnil and the Vicomte Louis d'Andigne. It was the Comte Antoine de Contades, by the bye, who conducted the cotillon with the Duchesse de Morny at the ball given by her mother, the wife of ex-President Guzman Blanco of Venezuela, in her superb mansion on the Rue la Perouse, which used to belong to M. de Girardin and which adjoins the Palais de Castille, the residence of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. The only favors were rare flowers, among which orchids predominated. The guest of the evening was Princesse Letitia Bonaparte, Duchess of Aosta, and on alighting from her carriage she was received by old Guzman Blanco and his wife and by the young Duc and Duchesse de Morny.

Any of the readers of Vogue who were wont in times gone by to have their dresses made by the famous Parisian couturière, Madame Rodriguez, will be interested to learn that she has just died in one of the great lunatic asylums in the South of France, where she has been confined for eighteen months, ever since her sensational failure. There is scarcely any member of her profession who has played a more prominent part in Parisian life than this tall, stout, brutally frank old woman, whose conversation was of the most refreshing and picturesque nature and whose independence was as great as her originality. She had one special peculiarity, namely, that she absolutely declined to dress any woman, either of the great or of the half world, who did not possess a good figure, and it is on record that on being visited one day by a certain Duchess, who is not precisely famed for her embonpoint, she responded to the great lady's request that she would make some dresses for her, with the remark, "I will dress Madame la Duchesse when she has shoulders." I have known her to even exclaim when engaged in trying a dress on a foreign Princess—the Russian Grand Duchess Vladimir, in fact—and in reply to some suggestion upon which Her Imperial Highness had ventured, "I don't ask Madame for her opinion." At all first nights she was a conspicuous figure, seated in a baignoir loge with a gold pencil case in one hand and in the other a notebook, in which she jotted down the various ideas and notions which the appearance of the toilettes on the stage called forth in her mind. It is only fair to say that the good woman, to whom many not alone of the half world but also of the great world have been indebted for a helping hand and timely assistance, had become insane before she was made bankrupt, which was the result of the loss of her mind. People forget quickly in Paris, and notwithstanding her former fame scarcely a single one of the papers here has taken any notice of her death.

A new fashion, and one that I can warmly recommend to the readers of Vogue—I mean to those of my own sex—is that of wearing large gloves, that is, about two sizes larger than those which we have been accustomed to wear. It is no longer considered chic to struggle into tightly fitting gloves, and most of our élégantes have now practically adopted, especially during hot weather, those baggy and buttonless gloves that leave the wrist unconfined and the fingers their accustomed liberty of movement. While coming home from the Bois the other day I met the young Duchess de Morny driving to the Bois in gloves such as these, of white doeskin stitched with white upon the back. These gloves formed part of a deliciously cool and rather original-looking costume. It consisted of an Eton coat of coarse white linen with brown lapels ornamented with large pearl buttons, and worn in conjunction with a stiff-fronted striped shirt, a plain white turned-down collar, a satin cravat, a thin navy serge skirt trimmed around the hip with three rows of undulating or wavy mohair braid, about half an inch wide. The hat of sunburnt straw, sailor shape, was trimmed with a band of white satin, under bise guipure; two little white Mercury wings turning outward formed a couple of small white satin rosettes.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, 3 July, 1893.

COSTUMES FROM
HAAS BROTHERS

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

OF course, the event of Tuesday was the viewing of Princess May's wedding gifts at White Lodge. I hear the crush in the afternoon was something beyond words to describe. As many as two thousand persons demanded entrance between the hours of three and six, and bitter indeed were the expressions of disappointment, rage and anger by the greater part of the loyal sightseers who never attained their object. I know, for a fact, that many of the leading London journalists and reporters never even got inside the doors at all, but were forced to return, sadder if not wiser men and women, without even a glimpse at the beautiful treasures within!

I never go to White Lodge that I am not struck afresh by its charm of natural surroundings and its home-like, comfortable air. It is indeed an ideal English home, situated in the heart of one of the loveliest parks in the world, and sufficiently associated with historical tradition to add that interest as well. I know of no drive more quietly charming than that along the banks of the "silvery Thames, Father of Rivers," through the brisk little townships of Barnes and Mortlake, until Sheen Gate is reached, and you find yourself within the Royal demesne of Richmond Great Park, with the broad curving road stretching far ahead, on either side the herds of brown deer browsing, and under the shelter of the bracken the heron brooding. Great trees of wonderful foliage greet the eye on every side, and memories of other days fill the mind; of the beautiful "Lass of Richmond Hill," of whom her unknown lover sang that she was "more bright than May-day morn; whose charms all other maids' surpass—a rose without a thorn!" and whose identity is still shrouded in mystery, although the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, the unrecognized wife of George IV., was said, on good authority, to be that "Lass," and that many were the meetings in Richmond Park between her royal lover and herself before he grew tired and she religious. It is a detail history which our present Sovereign objects to hearing mentioned. She is not altogether proud of her uncle's career, either as Prince Regent or King, and seldom, if ever, refers to him. And yet, how very like that "glass of fashion and mould of form" grows the Prince of Wales!

RIDING COSTUME

[For description see article in 27 May issue of Vogue, by Mr. Twyeffort.]

But all this is a divergence; let me get back to more modern interests. Well, then, with a sudden curve the road sweeps up to the private gates of White Lodge and under the broad old-fashioned porte-cochère, just such as one sees in Paris, on to which the double doors open immediately. White Lodge, you know, was built for George III. to use as a shooting lodge, so it is neither imposing nor grand in its appearance, but it is very pretty and picturesque. The feature of the mansion is the two circular corridors opening out to right and left of the entrance corridor, called respectively the green and the red corridor. The entire outer side of these is formed of large windows which are always kept full of the most lovely flowers, for every one at White Lodge, from Princess May down to the sedate butler and youngest footman, are ardent lovers of flowers, and never anywhere do I see them in such luxuriant perfection. It was within the red corridor that the Royal wedding presents were arranged—and, so I am told, the Duke of Teck himself, who has an artistic eye for effect, superintended the arrangements—in any case they were most successful. It seemed a wilderness of luxe when I entered the corridor, and for a moment paralyzing to know where to begin. However, with woman's true instinct I made straight for the jewel cases—there were three of them, great glass affairs like a goldsmith's window in Bond Street, and each guarded by a detective in plain clothes, who was very polite but very assertive if one so much as dared to be over-eager in one's desire for knowledge regarding the magnificent treasures. And how beautiful they were! I confess frankly to a weakness for beautiful jewels; only they must be very beautiful. My preference is for sapphires, then rubies or cat's-eyes, though diamonds will run either of them hard. And of all of these precious gems there was enough and to spare; Princess May can change her tiaras, her rivières, her bracelets, her watches, her necklaces, her brooches, her châtelaines every day of the week if she likes to, and then not exhaust the variety. As your papers have already given you detailed descriptions of the presents I forbear.

I left White Lodge to hurry on to Mrs. Morgan Richards's beautiful home in Lancaster Gate, where in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and no end of a smart crowd, Mlle. Janotha, by "kind permission"—she is Court pianist to the German Emperor—gave a grand concert in aid of the Duchess of Teck's Village Homes. By four o'clock the charming white and gold drawing-rooms were crowded to overflowing, and people were sitting on the stairs and landings in the most sans gêne manner. The flowers were lovely. Great bowls of red carnations and pink Malmaisons, sweet-peas and white pinks; all the long halls and smaller rooms lined with them, as well as the drawing-room. At about five P. M. the Royalties arrived, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Richards at the foot of the staircase. Mrs. Richards looked very handsome in a most lovely black dress, a creation of Mme. White's, with only some old cream guipure to relieve the neck and sleeves.

The music was exquisite. Mme. Albani, who really looked younger than ever, sang divinely, and Mme. Belle Cole, to whom was intrusted the feature of the afternoon, the rendering of The Soul's Vision, a poem written by Mrs. Richards, and set to harmony by Mlle. Janotha, proved once again the rich qualities of her voice. The song was sold afterward for the benefit of the Village Homes, and to judge by the happy faces of the two little maidens who acted as saleswomen, trade was brisk and satisfactory. Mons. Wolff and Mons. Hollman, who are still enthusiastic over their visit to the States, and little Jean Gerardy were all at their best, while Mme. Jean Hume, a niece of Jean Ingelow, the poet, made a most favorable impression by her voice and handsome appearance.

On Tuesday evening the event was the opening of Mr. Daly's new London theatre, and a very brilliant first night it was, every one who is any one putting in an appearance. It was a triumphant ovation to Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan, whom every one here is delighted to honor, and still more to welcome back again. Miss Rehan's recitation of the Song of Union was most felicitous and called forth a storm of applause. Lord and Lady Salisbury (she in black and diamonds), occupied one of the boxes, opposite to them being the new United States Ambassador and Mrs. Bayard, while on every side were the familiar faces so well known to all first-nighters. Of Miss Rehan's personation of Katharine, the Shrew, it is unnecessary to speak; it is—as it always has been—perfect. Not to have been to Daly's, or not to have it down on your list to do, is to write yourself down an outsider of the deepest dye!

Mrs. Mackay is home again, and appeared at the opera this week in her own box, looking very well and handsome, with seven rows of magnificent pearls round her throat, but not an ornament of any kind in her dark hair. There are rumors of a grand entertainment at Carlton House Terrace later on. She has a small luncheon party on Tuesday, but not in honor of the "Glorious Fourth." Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, however, do give a "Fourth of July" luncheon at the Criterion, and Ambassador and Mrs. Bayard a reception at the Buckingham Palace Hotel.

(Continued on page 5.)

"The attractive windows of the Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, at 112 Regent Street, London, were never more richly stored with all that is beautiful in gem work than at the present time. The Company may always be counted on to place as large and choice an assemblage of high-class gem jewelry at the disposal of their customers as could any firm in the world. They are as artistic in their setting of the jewels as they are expert in securing the finest examples of their kind, and they are studiously moderate in their prices. They send their elegantly got up Illustrated Catalogue post free to all parts of the world."

Early Polo.

POLO AN ANCIENT GAME

"All young in years and courage, bat in hand,
Galloped afield, tossed down the golden ball,
And chased so many crescent moons a-full,
And all alike intent upon the game,
Salaman still would carry from them all
The prize, and shouting 'Hal'! drive home the ball."

With the coming of the summer the polo player makes his appearance, and before long fashionable Newport will resound with the shouts of the enthusiastic players and the hoof-beats of the sturdy little polo ponies. The introduction of the game into this country by James Gordon Bennett, and the playing of the first game in the tanbark ring of Dickels's Riding Academy, is a story which most people who are interested in the game have heard many times. But farther back than this very few of the men who play the game have any knowledge of it.

History does not tell us where the first game of polo was played, but in Japan, where it was undoubtedly played in the sixth century, there is a tradition that the game was known to the people six hundred years before Christ. In the early part of the tenth century the game was played in Asia, principally in Persia, India and Japan. Many old Eastern writings make reference to polo under the Persian name of chaugan, and although space will not admit of an elaborate account of these allusions, they are too interesting to be omitted altogether.

The Persian poet Firdusi describes a certain mythical hero named Gushtasp as being so powerful that when he played chaugan he struck the ball so hard that it disappeared among the clouds. If there is any truth in this old legend, it is evident that the American teams have made little progress in the art of hard hitting.

A Persian historian of the tenth century tells us that Alexander the Great, having refused to pay tribute to Darius, and having expressed his determination to fight rather than yield to the demand, was taunted by Darius, who sent him a chaugan stick and ball, with a message to the effect that they were fitter implements than swords and spears for one so young and inexperienced. Alexander's reply was short, but to the point: "The chaugan ball is the earth, and I am the stick."

The game has also been made the subject of metaphor among the Persians, as is shown by numerous allegories and sayings, such as: "Man is a ball, tossed into the field of existence, driven hither and thither by the chaugan stick of destiny, wielded by the hand of Providence," and "May the heads of your enemies be your chaugan balls."

Among the early patrons of the game were Haroun al Raschid, the Amir Masud of Ghazni, the Emperor Akbar, and the Shah Abbas, the Persian monarch. The polo grounds of the Emperor Akbar were on the plains of the Agra, and there he might have been seen hundreds of years ago, amusing himself in very nearly the same manner as the Meadowbrook men of to-day are doing.

The game was probably first played in Europe by the Greeks in the twelfth century, and a Byzantine historian tells us how the Emperor Comneus took a regular cropper while playing at chaugan. In India the game was played in Munnipore and the valleys of Thibet for ages before it was taken up by the English, and from the Thibetan name of "pulu" is derived "polo." In 1859 J. F. Sherer, a young lieutenant in the English army, having become much interested in the game from seeing it played by the Munnipoories, organized a European club in Cachar, and by playing exhibition games, soon popularized the game among the young officers of his acquaintance. Largely through the efforts of Sherer, polo became popular in Calcutta, where in 1864 he was tendered a great dinner as the "father of polo."

The way in which the game was first introduced into England is as follows: A number of young officers quartered at Aldershot read of the game in an Indian paper, and at once some one proposed that they should try the game themselves. This plan was no sooner agreed upon than it was carried out. The officers supplied themselves with hockey sticks and billiard balls, and with this crude outfit, and upon big horses, was the first game of polo played in England. It was soon seen that the game could not be played successfully upon tall horses, so ponies were brought from Ireland and several teams sprang up. Large clubs were started at Lillie Bridge and Hurlingham and the latter place is still the favorite resort for polo players in England. There are various methods of playing the game, but with the exception of that in use by the Japanese, they are all very similar in their essential features.

The finest polo players in the world are the Munnipoories, and no white club would have the ghost of a chance against them. True, they do not play according to the rules of either Hurlingham or Newport, but they play according to "get there" rules, for whether they go over, or under, or through another player, they are safe to bet on, for they'll win, even if it be needful to do all three. H.

LONDON

(Continued from page 4.)

The Duchess of Teck has caused considerable heart-burning and no little indignation at her persistent refusal to allow any portion of the Royal trousseau to be exhibited. The press is naturally indignant, but cannot gainsay the Royal command. It seems great offence was given to the Royalties at the time of the Princess Marie of Edinburgh's marriage by the minute details entered into regarding her furnishings, even the number, quality and trimming of her under linen being entered on, and the Queen said then it should not occur again, so there is no help for it. The Royal wedding ring arrived yesterday, and was presented in deputation to the Duke of York. It is a gift from the Duchy of Wales, and made from Welsh gold. The Dowager Duchess of Londonderry presented the little circlet, which was enclosed in a golden casket, bearing Welsh emblems, and an inscription in both English and Welsh.

What is the rumor now more than whispered about a coming legal process between a Duke and a Duchess? I hear it on every side, but not decided enough yet to give you details. And there is another rumor, too, about two very well known American grande dames, the one a matron, the other a maid, in which jealousy plays a prominent part, and a certain Colonel is the casus belli. Of this more anon. Diane.

London, 30 June, 1893.

OF INTEREST TO HER

It has always been a matter of wonderment to me whether any human being above twelve years of age really enjoys the Fourth of July. I mean the national holiday, as the people of this free and glorious Republic have elected to celebrate it, not the Fourth as thousands of Americans do enjoy it, in pleasant summer outings, athletic games, social gatherings and freedom from business cares. But the noisy, explosive, gunpowder, firecracker and bell-ringing Fourth. Who likes it? Who wants it? and why must it go on forever? Why must every quiet country village be invaded by the demon of unadulterated noise—noise, that gives no pleasure, does no good, and is a misery-producing factor to those who have heads to ache and nerves to quiver?

My experience of the patriotic fever, as it attacks the country neighborhoods on this great anniversary, is very recent, as, after spending six consecutive sultry Julys in town, I decided this year to escape the noise, heat, and discomfort of the great city, and pass a quiet, restful, comfortable holiday, far away from the din that so upsets me. So I secured a room in a Long Island farm house, where summer boarders had not yet arrived, where not a child was to be seen within several hundred yards, and where on the day that I inspected the quarters a silence that could be felt reigned supreme. I went down on the evening of the third; had an appetizing supper, and spent the evening on a broad piazza, inhaling the life-giving ocean breezes, which seem to blow stronger on Long Island than anywhere else. I went to bed comfortably tired, and congratulating myself that not an indication of the approaching festival had manifested itself.

But alas! at midnight there was a great noise heard. All the cracked, jangled, discordant bells that could have been collected within a radius of a dozen miles—church bells, factory bells, school-house bells, dinner bells, everything, in short, that had a clapper or a tongue began to ring—and never

in New York or any other big city have I heard such an infernal (there is no other word for it) racket. I sprang out of bed supposing that the whole village was on fire—but on reaching the window I found the country shrouded in darkness, while the patriotic inhabitants were probably lying in their beds and "chortling in their joy" at this expression of their freedom and independence.

That abominable ringing was continued for three-quarters of an hour, and it was in vain that I closed my windows tied up my ears and strove to shut out the sound. It penetrated every crack and crevice—and there was nothing to be done but to bear it. It was with inexpressible relief that I heard one last vibration after another, from the various instruments of torture, and imagined that the hour of my deliverance was at hand. Alas! I had calculated without any adequate knowledge of the enormous amount of patriotism that a country village can contain. The bell-ringing was followed almost immediately by a discharge of artillery, that had an enemy been lurking in the neighborhood would have indicated a midnight assault. Where they got those howitzers or bombs—or twenty-four pounders, or whatsoever they may have been—which shook every cottage to its foundation and made every bed vibrate and all the teeth in my head shake—is a mystery to me to this day—and who paid for the gunpowder or whether there was a magazine in the next street, I was never able to discover. I only know that it was after two o'clock before the fumes and smoke had passed away, and the village had subsided into its normal condition. Then, after a strong dose of bromide, I again sought my bed, and had just fallen into a troubled sleep, when, at the first dawn of day, the bells began again. Then I gave it up, dressed myself and packed my valise, to get the first train for town; and it was just as well that I did, for, as if to keep time with the ding-dong, the birds began to chirp, the roosters to crow, the cows to low lustily for the milk-maid, and all the dogs in the neighborhood to bark. I lost no time in making my escape, left the price of my night's lodging on the hall table, walked two and a half miles to the railroad station, caught an early milk train and arrived in town to find New York cool, orderly and comparatively quiet. At any rate, in my "bachelor" quarters, on the upper floor of an apartment house, very little of the uproar going on below reached my ears, and I spent the greater part of the day in a profound slumber. But I have bought my experience, and never again will seek quiet and comfort in a Long Island farmhouse; and if the Fourth of July came oftener than once a year, or if any other national holiday is ever made to resemble it, suicide would be my only refuge.

A very different kind of outing fell to my lot last week, when I was invited to a friend's cottage in Westchester for a few days' visit. The cottage had been newly furnished, indeed the decoration was hardly yet completed, and my young hostess took me with some pride and a little diffidence into her parlor or sitting-room to ask my judgment and opinion. The room was large and low with no bow window or other modern invention, but with lattice windows opening on to a lawn, with a distant view of the water. A frieze runs round the room, made very effective with big blue and willow patterned plates. The chairs and lounges were all of bamboo, upholstered in the brightest chintzes and not more than two alike. A pretty screen with yellow silk curtains and places for photographs; a blue and white china lamp with a yellow shade; a Chippendale table strewn with picture papers and new publications; an upright grand piano, and what is called a "Dora" escritoire, which is in bamboo with gold Japanese paper (but which, I fancy, had been imported from London), with innumerable small tables and a cosy corner, which contained nothing but the softest of lounges—absolutely bristling with down cushions—a few water colors and a Colonial mirror completed the prettiest summer room I have ever seen.

Of course there was nothing left to suggest, but faute de mieux and not to appear stupid I inquired of my hostess whether she proposed to put up white curtains and portières. She looked at me with a half pitying expression and replied, "White curtains? oh, dear no! They would make our old-fashioned cottage look like a villa! But I have sent for colored Madras for the windows and China silk for the doors, and when you come again you will find it all complete."

WHAT SHE WEARS

THis is evidently not to be a year when summer frocks are to be cool looking and attractive. Even white is not pretty except on a very slight young figure. The trimmings are too elaborate. The frills, ruffles and enormous sleeves are too fussy to look cool or comfortable; and then one rarely sees a costume of unmixed or unadulterated white. There are always green or blue shoulder wings, a gold or imitation gold belt, or a sash of dark crimson or heliotrope. I saw one woman on a hot day in Newport who looked like a ruffled chicken, in a waist of white chiffon made entirely of frills and great transparent sleeves fluttering behind her like a sylphide's wings. It was simply horrid.

Mrs. J. J. Astor at a garden party on the Hudson, just before she went to Chicago, looked infinitely better and even cooler in a black grenadine, sparkling with jet, and a little white bonnet, with one nodding white plume. I always like to describe the youngest Mrs. Astor. In addition to her beauty she is so chic, so neat and trim and does such full justice to her pretty French clothes by the way she puts them on. . In this respect she is very different from her cousin, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, of London, who, with a great deal more absolute beauty is vastly less attractive. As Miss Mary Paul, of Philadelphia, she was almost the loveliest brunette I ever saw—and I remember her at the introductory ball, in her honor, given by her mother-in-law, Mrs. John J. Astor, in the old homestead, where the Waldorf Hotel now stands, quite a vision of beauty in white with superb ruby ornaments. But she was always a little slovenly—and her hair and clothes at loose ends—which in my opinion, is a fatal drawback to a woman's charm. This defect has been remarked in London, and an Englishman said of her not long ago, "Yes, she is handsome; what a pity she is so badly groomed."

As yet only cottons have appeared in Newport, when the weather has been warm enough to wear them, with a change to tailor-made gowns when the fogs are dense and the mornings chilly. Miss F. T. looked very pretty at the Casino one morning in a smart gray cotton, with a fetching pink bonnet; but becoming as it was, the bonnet was pronounced an innovation, as shade hats are generally worn with cotton or thin muslin dresses. There is great freedom allowed this year, however, and all functions promise to be kaleidoscopic—with as much confusion—in the making of the costumes, as there is variety in their coloring.

Bathing dresses at Long Branch and Narragansett Pier are just appearing on the horizon. They could hardly be more bizarre than they were last year and the year before, but they certainly promise to be more decent. The skirts are longer and fuller, and the sleeves being wide and high make a drapery for the bust and back, which is a great improvement, especially for bathers afflicted with stoutness. Knickerbockers for non-swimmers are replaced by Turkish trousers, and altogether the women, as they run down over the sand, look human and natural, and not like black, red or parti-colored devils as they have been doing of late years. I wish I could say the same of the men, but from the cursory view I got at Narragansett, they seemed to be more unclothed than ever.

MR. BOYNE'S HOUNDS, THE GIFT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

AN ENGLISH EXPERT'S VIEWS OF AMERICAN TURF MATTERS

ANy one interested to a considerable extent in such a sport as horse racing and everything pertaining thereto, becomes before long, unless he be very careful and clear-headed, a crank in the direction of his hobby, and his judgment is apt to be warped in favor of his own horses or his own country's race track. Mr. Leonard Boyne, the leading man of The Prodigal Daughter company at the new American Theatre, is well known in England as one of the most enthusiastic and expert exponents of horse racing and horse training, and it was with con-

siderable curiosity, therefore, that I called upon him the other day to ask his opinion upon affairs that pertain to the track and the stable in this country.

Mr. Boyne has been in America now only a little over two months, but he has been here long enough to form a decided attachment for New York and its people "Do you notice any great difference between our city and

MR. LEONARD BOYNE AS HE APPEARS IN THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

London?" I asked him. "Not very much," said he. "The fact of the matter is I don't go far from Fifth Avenue and Delmonico's. What I miss most over here are hansom cabs, although I have noticed you have a few vehicles of that kind. I am much impressed by your trotters, but I doubt very much if they could become the fashion in England. The late Duke of Marlborough showed me some last year at our Horse Show, and although we all admired them very much there did not seem to be any demand for them.

"As between the race tracks in England and in America," continued Mr. Boyne, "I think I prefer the former. I don't like the idea of having horses run over a turf track as they do here. The dust and mud are stirred up so by the heels of the horses that it seems to me to militate against their speed. In England, you know, races are on grass. It seems extraordinary, too, to see the starter on the American track, together with half a dozen other men, drive along the track just before the starting of the race. In England the starter gets about the track on horseback.

"Your race courses, or 'tracks,' as you call them, are very well managed, especially your betting arrangements; there is no yelling and shouting the odds as we have in England."

"How do you think our horses compare with yours for speed?"

"Oh, very well. I don't quite understand, though, what is the use of making a 'record' and going by it, as you do in America. That a horse will do a mile in one-forty at Gravesend, for instance, is no guarantee whatever that he will repeat that record at Morris Park. A horse may make his best time when he starts up hill, with a finish down hill. Reverse this, and he will very probably lose a second or two, or even more. I must say I think 'records' in racing ridiculous. It stands to reason that a horse that makes a record of one-forty-two, let us say, by himself, or with another horse to make the running, could not make the same time when interfered with by a dozen or more competitors in a race. The records of Maud S. or Sunol against time are all very well, or even in the case of high jumping, but there it should end.

"Your private carriages," continued Mr. Boyne, looking out of the window of the Waldorf, where we were lunching, upon Fifth Avenue, "seem especially well built and kept, but most of them are rather old-fashioned in shape, and the ensemble, if I may use such a term in speaking of carriages, is incongruous. What I mean by that is that the coachman, you will notice, wears a modern livery, whereas the carriage of to-day in New York recalls the old pictures of Richmond Hill about 1820, when the coachman and footman wore breeches and stockings and three-cornered hats. However, I dare say that the carriages are very comfortable; they certainly look it.

"The equipment of the American horses and carriages impress me as being much more ostentatious than is the case in my country. In the tandem, for instance, which I drive at my country place in Surrey, there is not a single strap not absolutely essential to strength, speed and safety. What little I have seen in the line of coaching here makes it very clear that you have some very good whips on your boxes. Young J. Lee Tailer, I hear, is a capital four-in-hand driver. At the various New York Clubs at which I have been put up, I have had several very interesting chats with your enthusiasts with the 'ribbons' and a liberal interchange of opinion in this connection between the two countries would, I am sure, be mutually beneficial."

Mr. Boyne's idea of Central Park, or rather in regard to that portion of it taken up with the drive-ways, is that it presents a Continental rather than an English appearance.

Whatever else we may or may not have to be thankful for to Mr. Boyne, I am quite sure that we owe him a vote of thanks for his invention of what we term the racing coat; the long tan colored affair shaped somewhat similar to the Newmarket of ten years ago. Mr. Boyne wore this coat when he appeared in The English Rose, the melodrama at the Adelphi Theatre, two years ago. A society writer in one of the London papers, gave credit for its invention to certain youthful English noblemen, whereupon the editor of the London Sporting Times pointed out that Mr. Boyne had worn the coat four months before at the Adelphi.

In the racing scene of The Prodigal Daughter at the American Theatre, under Mr. Boyne's direction, appear Columbus by Exile the Second, and Lozenge by Lowland Chief. It is a curious fact that Columbus is a half-brother of King Charles, who won the English Suburban a month ago, and that Lozenge is a half-brother of Lowlander who won our American Suburban only recently. I suppose it has never before occurred in the annals of the stage or in the annals of the race tracks that the half-brothers of two such celebrated horses as King Charles and Lowlander have appeared upon the same stage at the same time.

I certainly agree with Mr. Boyne when he says he does not at all approve of the custom that prevails in America of allowing a horse whose name does not appear on the programme to go to the post. Mr. Boyne tells me that he can mention two instances here, where horses not announced to start have been put forward at the last moment at odds of 30 or 40 to 1, and have won the race, beating two favorites.

Mr. Boyne believes that the patrons and followers of the turf in America are not quite so dead in earnest as they are in England, but he adds that we are becoming so with great rapidity. He looks especially for improvement in our hackneys, which are not, he says, so good as the English hackneys. K.

MR. BOYNE AND HIS HOUNDS—THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

Changes of address must be received at the office of Vogue on or before Tuesday of the week of publication, to take effect that week. Changes arriving later than Tuesday take effect the following week.

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

A Few weeks ago I commented in a rather surprised way upon the fact that Mrs. Langtry was sailing in her yacht, The White Ladye, off the Isle of Cowes, and was making not the slightest preparations for her customary autumn appearance upon the London stage. It is now quite clear why she is not paying any attention to London; it is because she will return to America to act once more. It is now five years since she appeared here. Since that time she has improved wonderfully in the art of acting. Mrs. Langtry will never be anything else than glacial in her stage emotions, I am afraid, but it should be remembered in this connection that Mary Anderson-Navarro was not noted for any extraordinary amount of warmth, and that even Mrs. Kendal is coldly calculating in almost every scene in which we have yet seen her. The Mrs. Langtry that will come here in the autumn will be by no means the Mrs. Langtry, theatrically, who left us. I believe that she has two or three plays not yet acted which she will produce in New York, or at least in some other large city.

When last I mentioned Mrs. Langtry I spoke of the rumor that an unknown wealthy American was desirous of hiring her beautiful yacht. It now turns out that the American is Ogden Goelet. The White Ladye will shortly be in commission under his signal.

My London correspondent writes that the appearance of the company of the Comédié Française, at the Drury Lane Theatre, has been by no means the great success expected. In the first place, many of the actors—unaware that, although an immense theatre, the acoustic properties of Drury Lane are such that even a faint sound on the stage is heard almost at the back of the orchestra—frequently exhausted their lung power long before the last act of the respective performances was reached; and in the second place, or possibly most important of all, M. Mounet-Sully, the principal attraction of the company, ruptured an artery of the leg early in the season, and has not since been able to act with his accustomed power and finesse.

Maurice Grau looks upon the accident to M. Sully as most deplorable from every point of view, for he has thought that the éclat of the eminent French tragedian's appearance in London would be of vital importance to his success in America when he comes here next winter under the management of Abbey, Schœffel and Grau. For my part, I think Mr. Grau is worrying without reason; we have repeatedly indicated that we form our own opinions, quite independently of any other country. Eleanor Duse is a case in point.

The actor whose attitude towards the drama in England is the most picturesque and artistic, next to that of Henry Irving, will follow the suit of his less distinguished brother professionals and cross the Atlantic a year from now—unless the heavens fall. I refer to H. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. Tree may be said to be the Richard Mansfield of England, and a very considerable more besides. He was the original Beau Austin in the comedy of that name; the original Roger Le Honte, the original Baron Hardfielt in Jim the Penman, and the original Duke of Guisebery in The Dancing Girl. He is now playing the principal rôle in Oscar Wilde's A Woman of No Importance.

This reminds me that my esteemed contemporaries on the daily press have announced that the play of Mr. Wilde's to be produced the coming season at the Empire Theatre is A Woman of No Importance. The play of Mr. Wilde's to be produced there he is still at work on, and the American rights to A Woman of No Importance have been sold to the Coghlans.

With the regularity of clock-work the report is spread that Wilton Lackaye, who was last seen in town in the leading rôle in Aristocracy, is to be leading man of A. M. Palmer's stock company. As Mr. Lackaye has made up his mind to star in A. W. Pinero's rather risqué society drama, The Profligate, the value of these reports is at once made clear. Mr. Lackaye is an intelligent and convincing actor with certain attributes in common with the late Charles Thorne. With a good supporting company he should prosper; without it I fear that he alone could never carry the burden of so imposing a piece as The Profligate.

It is amusing to read in the daily papers that the Theatre of Arts and Letters will be no more. Vogue contained that information two months ago. I may state, however, that Nelson Wheatcroft sends me word that the statement that he will carry out the idea involved in the Theatre of Arts and Letters is incorrect. The Theatre gave performances with the best obtainable casts and mountings in every way elaborate. Mr. Wheatcroft, on the other hand, will give from time to time, at the Empire Theatre, simply performances by the pupils of his school acting some new plays by American dramatists before invited audiences.

Walter Sanford, a manager who makes heavy productions of melodrama, announces that in a lurid piece called The Power of Gold, which he will tour next season, the audience will be treated to the spectacle of a real canal boat dragged by live horses! What wonderful things, to be sure, we do see at the play house these fin de siècle nights! I should not be in the least surprised if, before very long, some keen manager, a little ahead of his time, put upon the stage a real freight car or a live goat! Meanwhile, let us hope that there will continue to be real actors.

The last week of this month there will be open-air performances of As You Like It at Saratoga and at Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch. In the first instance the cast will include probably Mary Shaw, E. D. Lyons, Lillie Post and Olive Oliver, and at Pleasure Bay Rose Coghlan, Sadie Martinot, Henry Miller, John T. Sullivan, E. J. Henley and Wilton Lackaye are to appear. The element of novelty enters largely into these al fresco performances, but what the actors say is for the most part swallowed in the foliage, and the weather, if it choose to be volatile, may spoil the entire proceedings. Do you remember, for instance, the performance of As You Like It given on the lawn in front of Mrs. E. A. Stevens's castle at Castle Point, near Hoboken, two summers ago? Maurice Barrymore, Agnes Booth, Rose Coghlan, Frank Mayo and Viola Allen played in it. Well, just as Touchstone came to the line: "Aye, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I were at home I were in a better place," the rain came down in torrents and spoiled many a pretty gown. So it was nature appropriately fitted action to the word. K.

HORSE NOTES

THe days of the past week, which have been glorious ones for road riding, have resulted in calling all of Gotham's light harness horsemen out in force. On the road and in the Park, any number could be seen spinning along, but the turn-out of equipages was limited, for those who have not gone out of town do not fancy the scorching sun, even to show off a new carriage. Up at Fleetwood Park, where the sheds were full of rigs and the piazzas filled with spectators, trainers had out their charges; and as the trotting men viewed the work their tongues loosened and they began to talk of the coming autumn meeting. Incredible feats are talked of for that occasion, for the events of the Charter Oak track, which will be decided over Fleetwood's track, will bring a number of the best trotters in training out, and the time will undoubtedly be fast. At the trotting matinees, the veterans of the club sat and watched the three-mile heats, and the popping of the corks and the gay jokes told that there was some reason for making the "vets" feel so good. A little inquiry brought out the fact that the families of most of them were out of town. Lawson N. Fuller, that veteran roadite, drove his pair to top wagon the fastest half mile up to date, the time being 1.08½.

The first meeting of the Grand Circuit of 1893 was held last week at Homeward Park, Pennsylvania. Colt racing monopolized the programme, but the feature of the day was the race between the three-year-old fillies, Fantasy and Elfrida. Neither of the pair had ever started in company before, but on account of the growing prestige of the Hamlin stable, Fantasy was made the strongly-backed favorite. The race was at a mile, best three in five heats, and throughout was a pretty one. The favorite was beaten in the first two, but in the final three she held her own and managed to win the thousand dollar purse.

For the past month a swindler has been at work at Newport, masquerading as Arthur Peat, the polo expert of the Sussex team of England. He made himself quite popular with the newspaper men of the Pier, by giving them the material for an article which stated that the Peat brothers were anxious to play an American team for an international trophy, and that as soon as his brothers came to this country the necessary arrangements would be made. In view of the fact that Foxhall Keene had failed to negotiate for an international match, this statement seemed a trifle queer. A few days ago I met Mr. Keene at Long Branch and asked him if the prospects for an international match did not look much brighter after the statement of Mr. Peat. Mr. Keene replied that there was no chance for an international match, for the person who had represented himself as Mr. Peat was none other than a former valet of that gentleman. The wiley valet had gotten into the good graces of some of the best people at Newport and after borrowing small sums of money, had decamped leaving an unpaid hotel bill.

Mr. Keene says that the impostor is the same one who last year pretended to be the brother of John Watson, and in that guise borrowed money from all the polo players he came in contact with.

Arthur Peat and one of his brothers have been married recently, and have no intention of coming to this country this season. The other brother is in poor health, so the chances of a match are poor, and those hard-working Meadowbrook and Rockaway players have been putting in hours of hard practice for a visionary game. As you say, boys, "this is tough meat," but you can afford to have chewed it, for you will be better able to give them a game when they do come.

When Secretary Brewster, of the Washington Park Association at Chicago, broached the subject of offering purses for ponies at the present meeting there were some doubts in the minds of a number of his associates as to whether the owners of ponies in the east would send their ponies so far west. Three thousand dollars in purses were offered, and as a result forty ponies from the east were sent out after the purses. They were the property of James R. Wood, William C. Hayes, H. K. Vingut, Fred Gebhard and Arthur White.

Only four races were carded, but they promised good sport and proved a drawing card. The gentlemen jockeys were out, of course, and once more Arthur White and H. K. Vingut were in the race, though this time before a much larger crowd than ever attended the Cedarhurst or Hempstead meetings.

That Mr. Lorillard is in the worst kind of luck is now evident. Horses have died on him, his best two-year-old had to be killed, and now the once mighty Lamplighter has been beaten again. In the Brooklyn Handicap and in the Suburban he was pitted against the best horses in this section of the country, and was not near the front at the finish. Later, after having been carefully looked over by his

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trainer, he was sent to the post with an inferior lot, and once more finished in the ruck. Now that there is a possibility of some selling plater beating him here, he has been sent to the West. His racing there has not resulted in a single victory, and the chances are that before Mr. Lorillard is through with him, he will have cost that devotee of the turf a neat sum of money.

The famous Dixiana Stud, consisting of 250 acres of the highly prized blue-grass land, is situated near Lexington, Ky. The farm will be used for a thoroughbred establishment. The price paid for the farm is said to be $250,000.

The number of our suburban clubs is still on the increase. I hear of several new ones to be built in New Jersey, but none of these seem to have any definite object except to be resting places for tired people who are forced to remain in town during the off season and who are longing for a bit of country air sans the vulgar surroundings of boarding-house or hotel life.

The club, in fact, is essential to the watering place. We have discarded the hotel and have taken to cottage life. Bar Harbor, Southampton, Newport, Narragansett, the Lakes and the Long Island resorts have established clubs within a short time. Newport and Narragansett, of course, have had theirs somewhat longer than the others. I fancy, however, in a dozen years we will only have the settlement of cottages and the club. The hotel people will be regarded somewhat in the light of Cook's tourists.

AS SEEN BY HIM

During the past week I instructed my man to look over my wardrobe and arrange everything to last until autumn, so that I need not be worried with minor cares during the hot weather. Care produces wrinkles, you know, and they are indicative of age. A man who goes in for society should never appear old.

At a dinner last winter one of our old beaux, whom I suspect to be about seventy-five and not well preserved at that, remarked to me, with all the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, that he had been skating all afternoon at the St. Nicholas Rink. Our host, a man of little tact, overhearing him asked his age.

"I consider that an impertinence, Sir!" the old gentleman replied, with that certain tremor in his voice which not only betrayed annoyance but also that which he would have wished most to conceal. I sympathized with him. But this is a long way from my subject.

My valet always feels flattered at the confidence I repose in him in allowing him the almost entire superintendence in the selection of my summer wardrobe. These poor fellows, after all, have few enjoyments and I like to give them pleasure. But, of course, I do not entrust it entirely to his judgment. I reserve some right of supervision and I know he feels a personal interest in the annual weeding out. I never allow him, however, to wear the garments I give him at any place where they might be recognized as having been formerly mine. A gentleman's gentleman should always maintain the position of his master.

My boxes having been carefully gone over and having made "our" choice for the various visits which I intend to pay; they are locked and each carefully ticketed with the name of the place for which they are destined. This has been my habit for years and I have always found it a most excellent plan.

For instance, this summer I shall go to Newport, to Bar Harbor, to the Adirondacks and to Lenox before making my usual round of autumn visits—of course each box holds a complete outfit suitable for each resort visited, and my hat, boot and shirt cases are carried from place to place. My first box being for Newport, I will describe its contents. Hearing that the men there are not dressing as elaborately as usual this year, owing, perhaps, to what the newspapers term "financial stringency," I find that I shall require less than was formerly necessary. For the morning I take at least six pairs of white duck trousers, carefully starched and creased front and back. Three pairs of white flannel trousers, two plain, one striped, together with a blue flannel lounge suit and a black flannel lounge coat, will complete my laisser-aller outfit. Six ordinary morning suits, in tweeds and other mixtures to choose from, will carry me through until afternoon. One Prince Albert coat of vicuna and one morning or cutaway coat of the same material, with a number of fancy cassimere trousers, will do until I dress for dinner. With these coats I often wear white duck double-breasted waistcoats, which fit me, to use a "popularism," as if I had been poured into them. After candlelight, my dress depends very much upon where I am going. For, unlike the fair sex, I do not care to change my evening dress twice. And, of course, a dinner coat cannot be worn at a dance. I therefore take two Cowes suits and three of the usual style. I have forgotten to mention that my golf, polo, tennis and riding clothes, with their other belongings, have a separate box. This I had made in London, and it is very complete. My newest golf suit, which has just come over, is of brown mixed tweed, the knickerbockers reaching below the knees, where they meet the yarn stockings, woven of the same colors and turned well over. The usual Norfolk jacket, with Scotch cap to match, complete the rig. For polo, in this weather, I wear the ordinary duck riding trousers, with a shirt of silk in my club colors.

Although I am obliged to have a top hat for coaching and other formal functions, I seldom wear it, preferring my broad-brimmed straw. The latter is so popular at Newport that Augie Belmont, Dick Peters and several others of its admirers, including the Cutting boys, don it on every occasion, and one seldom sees anything else in the evening. In wet weather I wear a Homburg or a derby. As for boots, for golf, I wear heavy tan, laced. For riding, the Wellington, of either tan or patent leather. For ordinary morning wear, tan, either laced or low shoes. With afternoon dress patent leather is de rigueur. In the evening, patent leather, low shoes or pumps. En passant, with evening dress, gloves must be worn. London says even to dinner. These things are absolutely necessary for any one who expects to remain longer than a week. No gentleman can do with less, for I do not tolerate extravagance, as I consider it vulgar.

On one of the roof gardens the other night I was surprised to notice, after all I have said on the subject, an individual who at first glance seemed a gentleman and irreproachably dressed in evening clothes, guilty of the solecism of tan colored boots with his otherwise correct attire. I simply feel sorry for such a man. He is impossible and I fear beyond redemption. Such a man I believe would be capable of wearing a red cravat at a funeral.

One thing which has again been brought most vividly to my notice on my return this time from abroad, is the undue haste of all Americans—why will they not learn repose instead of rushing through life like a limited express. Especially is this noticeable in our railway stations. I invariably am booked at least a day ahead for my destination, and I am careful to arrive at the station quite ten minutes before train time. My man then has time to arrange me comfortably before taking his place in the ordinary smoking car of the train. I have noticed it is common for vulgarians to place their servants, even including cook, next them in the drawing-room car. This is quite as disagreeable for the servants, who prefer being with their fellows, as for the other occupants of the car who desire to be surrounded by their own class. Nothing is easier than to send the porter for your servant should you need him. This is seldom necessary for me, as my dressing case is always placed beside me and it contains everything I require.

Of course in Newport one always visits and usually an invitation includes one's servants. This, however, is sometimes not the case, owing to the limited accommodations for servants in this country. Under such circumstances he boards at the nearest place. This is undoubtedly a mistake, and I think twice before accepting a second invitation to such a house. The fees to servants, for a man who visits a great deal, are by no means a small item. They frequently amount to more at the end of the year than would keep many a family. After a week's visit in a smart house, I give the butler five dollars, each footman two dollars; the head coachman the same as the butler, and the grooms the same as the footmen. In this country I never fee a housekeeper. She is so apt to be a poor relative. To the housemaid who attends to my rooms I give three dollars. These are ordinary fees. In semi-smart houses I presume the fees are less. I really do not know.

In answer to the young Yale man who wants some hints and other details of life on shipboard, I will jot down a few items out of my recent experience. I was quite delighted with my lavender and mauve shirtings, as well as those of a delicate shade of pink which my furnisher sent me before I sailed; with the pretty soft ties in the same colors they surely are very sightly for the ship. As it was unusually warm, I allowed my man to put out my white flannels. In fact it was so warm that I sat at the door of my cabin. I always bring with me a tea basket, fitted with a small kettle, sponge lamp, cups and canister, so that I can have tea in the afternoon. Ship tea is wretched slop. My traveling bag and dressing case are comforts to me and I do not see how any man can travel without these most necessary articles. I have everything put out for me, so that my cabin has already a home look and everything is firmly secured in case of heavy weather.

XUM

WHAT SHE WEARS SOMETIMES

I know that I am severely criticised for insisting on small matters and for advocating expensive measures—I believe in expenditure rightly placed.

If you want to do Europe very economically on a cheap ship, there are some excellent ones running from New York to London direct. Get chambers in Kensington or in one of the many little family hotels in a quiet neighborhood in Paris. You can do all this without spending much money. It is a great deal more sensible, however, to travel comfortably than to throw away money for nothing. I would prefer to have a cabin to myself, even if I had to travel on a second-class ship. I do not see why I should have a stranger in my room. It is a dreadful lottery and he is apt to have very unclean habits. Imagine this in a close stuffy atmosphere, filled already with the odors of the ship and the stench of the machinery. You cannot ask a man for a guarantee of his position. He is apt to belong to the middle class, and think how perfectly horrible it would be to inhabit a room with a being who has very uncertain notions about the complete change of linen every day and whose rule of cleanliness has been a tub once a week, on Saturday night. And then, even if cleanly, he might not wear the right kind of underclothes and he might persist in sleeping in night robes instead of pajamas, and he might do a hundred other dreadful things. Think of watching such a creature dress!—it would be an awful fascination with me—and find that he changed his collar and his cuffs and not his shirt, which still glazed and shiny from the manipulations of a Chinaman, would have its dirt-spotted bosom concealed by a made-up scarf with—it is too horrible to think of!

Seriously one can never afford to economize in traveling. If you are going for business or study, you must sacrifice many things to allow yourself a liberal provision for the journey. Better visit one country only on the savings of three years and do it well—and without what must be that horrible feeling of uncertainty. Otherwise for a time, read, visit your own country, and patronize the stereopticon lectures.

I was fortunate on my last trip in securing a deck cabin with a private bath attached, and I understand that my man was quite comfortable. I have, of course, the usual grievance against the table, which is not good on English ships, and against the indiscriminate feeing for services not performed. Why I should give half crowns to half a dozen servants whom I never see except on the day that we arrive at Liverpool, I cannot imagine. I am perfectly willing to contribute to British charities in moderation, but I never attend the stupid entertainment called a concert. Vulgar rich people of both nations make an ostentatious display of so-called charity on these occasions. I always wear the conventional morning dress of a gentleman when I land either in New York or in Liverpool. I take particular care that my gloves are fresh, and that I can step out of the railway carriage at Euston, the model of a traveled American gentleman—who to-day, should lead the world.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

THe yachting costumes shown on page 3 of Supplement, are noteworthy both as to material and confection. The one to the right is made of blue Bangor linen, a rather loosely woven fabric of a soft rich blue with a whitish gleam in it. The double skirt is gored and has a width around the bottom of four and a quarter yards. Both skirts are trimmed with white braid, the lower skirt showing five rows, the upper one three rows. The central row on each skirt is wider than those on each side. The sailor waist is made to fit the figure exactly above the waist line. This is done by means of darts both in the back and fronts, the fullness thus confined falling in folds over the skirt. The sleeves are very full, narrowing toward the wrist, where they are finished with gauntlet cuffs trimmed with three rows of braid and white navy buttons. Upon the left sleeve is an embroidery done in white linen thread, of a coronet, two foul anchors and three bars. These make a charming addition to the costume. A crest, monogram or any emblem may be employed instead of the crown which appears here and which is appropriate, as these particular costumes were made for royalty. The turn-over collar is square in the back and trimmed with three rows of white braid. In the corners the little embroidered crown is again seen. The belt and tie are both of the dress material, the latter edged with braid and embroidered on the ends, is knotted under the collar. The blue linen cap is edged with white braid on the upper side and the embroidered emblem appears in front. Two adjuncts which are not seen in the plate complete this charming costume. These are the shoes and parasol. Both are of the dress material. The shoes are ties laced over the instep with white braid, and the parasol has a white frame, and white enameled stick with ball end.

The costume shown on the second figure is of Scotch linen duck, basket weave, pure white in tone. The skirt is gored. It is four and a quarter yards in width and is worn with a shirt of Madras cloth, white, with dark blue spot, and the tie is of white silk. The reefer jacket of the same material as the skirt, fits closely to the figure in the back as far as the waist line, from thence the skirts are quite full. The fronts are loose and double breasted with large white pearl buttons. The sleeves are wide and full at the top, and upon the left one the embroidery is done in gold bullion. Small pearl buttons finish the cuffs which are simply stitched on the edge. The sailor hat is white with a band of white ribbon.

The costumes described were made for the Infanta Eulalia of Spain by Messrs. Haas Bros. of New York.

In this drawing is seen a new corset clasp called the "converse," just introduced. It is very simple and differs from the one in use in fastening, so that it cannot become unclasped of itself, which so often happens, and yet it is unlocked by a touch of the hand loosening each lock at once.

CORSET CLASP

PARIS FANCIES

BY this time next week most of our mondaines will, I suppose, have left the city for the seaside and for the various inland spas, for the purpose of recuperating from the effects of a season which has turned out to be most brilliant, and consequently exhausting. There are many of us just at the present moment who are busy preparing for what we may describe as our summer campaign. I presume that the fair readers of Vogue are doing likewise, and hence a few words on the subject of trunks and traveling impedimenta may be of interest. I have had my trunks lined, some with cretonne and others with a kind of soft silk, in lieu of the horrible gray canvas which is ordinarily used for the purpose. Between this lining and the material of which the trunk is made there is a sort of quilting of cottonwool impregnated with orris powder, and the various trays are lined, quilted and perfumed in the same manner. My trunks open, not only from the top, but also from the front, which drops down on the release of a catch, leaving what appears to be a chest of drawers exposed. There are drawers for the stockings, for the linen, for the corsets, for the shoes and boots, for the laces, for the gloves, in fact, for almost everything that one can think of, so that when one reaches an hotel, or a château to which one has been invited for a few days, there is no necessity for unpacking everything in order to reach any particular piece of apparel. The trunks for the dresses and cloaks are, of course, made according to the old fashion, merely with trays. In one of my trunks I always carry two or three pairs of sheets and pillow cases of écru silk, also some pretty toilet covers, so that whenever I am called upon to spend a night at an hotel I am able to surround myself with at least some of those things that are indispensable to a woman with any pretensions to elegance and refinement. I may say that in the same trunk containing the sheets and the toilet covers is my indiarubber bath-tub, without which I never travel, for nothing could ever induce me to venture into any of these hotel baths, no matter how much scrubbing and cleansing it may have undergone previously. My traveling bag is of white morocco with a cover of shot silk, and, of course, it contains my brushes, flacons, mirrors and all the other menus objets of my toilet table, nor do I ever omit to include among the flacons a vaporisateur filled with some light perfume, destined to purify the air of the railroad carriage in which I may travel.

Readers of Vogue who visit Paris this summer will be interested to learn that the Café Anglais, formerly the most famous of all our great restaurants and so celebrated for its cuisine and its cellars, has once more changed hands and has just been purchased by Bourdel, the favorite disciple of the great chef, Adolphe Duglère. This will be good news to gourmets, for of late the Café Anglais, which had fallen into the hands of a syndicate of financiers of which the Comte Cahen d'Anvers and his bosom friend, the late Baron Reinach, were the two shining lights, and under their reign the cooking had lost much of the finesse that formerly characterized it, showing a decided tendency toward that grossness of taste so typical of our parvenu princes of the Bourse.